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THE GLORIFIED WAY.

What boots it how we walk the weary way—
Or clad in homespun or in garments gay?
For lo, there shines about us, haloed light,
That wraps us in a glory, soft and bright
And tints to beauty garbs of dun and gray!

What matter if the way be rough or dark?
For in our hearts there burns that heavenly spark
That dazzles all the firmament afar,
So our glad eyes see naught but Love's bright star,
And find no space the stones and steeples to mark.

And what if thorns beset the pathway, dear?
Shall we draw back or falter, faint or fear?
Ah, no! Love's tender touch is everywhere,
And briars burgeon into blossoms, rare;
Love's sacrifices bind us closer year by year!
—Beulah R. Stevens, in Atlanta Constitution.



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CHAPTER VII.

Next morning the result of Padre Sebastiano's discussion with the two mates was apparent, for Diaz came to the captain and broached the subject of heading for Santa Rosa. Halstead demurred a little at first—said the change of course would make him late, as it was, etc.—but finally admitted that it would take only a few hours more, and said that he had no objections. This was Thursday. I spent the afternoon and most of Friday with Senorita Gracia, liking her better the more I saw of her. I was pretty sure that Halstead had a little the advantage of me in her regard, but she never showed it while we were together. In fact, as the time drew near when I was to leave the steamer, she seemed disposed, by unmistakable evidences of liking for me, to produce an impression that neither years nor absence could efface; and she certainly succeeded. When I said good night at the door of her stateroom, Friday evening, I wondered a little what the result would be should I throw up the enterprise and remain on board. But the captain was poring over the chart again when I reached our quarters, and one glance at his face was sufficient to banish all indecision. On my part, the affair had been, so far, merely speculative; there had been no opportunity for action. Halstead, on the other hand, was now fully committed. He and McPherson had taken a definite step which there was no retracting—which might cost them their positions whether we were successful or not—and, while he had certainly gone into the affair with the hope of bettering his condition, I knew that but for my persistence he wouldn't have attempted it. He looked up as I came in, and motioned me to close the door. Six bells had just struck, and all the passengers were below, so we were not likely to be disturbed. He asked me where I had seen the padre last.

"In the saloon, drinking rum and water. Why?"

"You haven't noticed him around the after deck this evening, have you?"

"No, not once."

"I've had a patent log towing astern since eight bells, and I'm in hopes that no one has seen it. Here's where we were at noon" (pointing to a penciled cross on the chart). "And we've been running twelve knots ever since. Now, Findlay fixes the Santa Rosa at about twelve-thirty north, by a hundred and forty-four, fifteen eads. And it is laid down here a mile or two each side of that. The wind has been so light that we won't have to figure much on leeway, and we've held her right on the point of eads, quarter north, all day; so that she ought to make the shoal some time in the morning watch, say, six bells, or before. Diaz figured, this afternoon, that his watch would be on deck before we struck the position, and told the padre it would be around breakfast time. If no one sees that log, he isn't likely to change his mind. Now, if by any lucky chance we do find bottom there, I'll want your assistance; and you'll have to keep your wits about you. Watch my actions closely. When I order the quartermaster to steer for Guajan, go below as quickly as you can and make your way aft, on the lower deck, to cable lockers at the stern. Take the new log, in this box here, and pay it out through the bitt port, say about 30 fathom, being mighty careful you don't foul the screw with it. You'll find a cross-brace of angle iron, down there, that Mac fixed athwart the port to fasten the register on. It's a taffrail log—not like the one I've got astern now; you've got to haul that one in to read it. Tain't likely that anyone'll notice the line, but you'll have to haul it in when we get abreast of Cocos reef, so's the men won't notice it when they go below to clear away the cable at Apra."

Before turning in, he took the log from its box and showed me exactly

how it worked, making me repeat the instructions until he felt sure I wouldn't botch the experiment. In fact, my mind was so full of it all that I slept badly, and dressed before sunrise. Halstead was as anxious as myself, but he had his nerves under perfect control and reserved his energies until they were needed. Diaz, though confident we would not reach the reef before breakfast, had turned out at five bells and was searching the horizon with his glass, on the bridge, Moreno taking an occasional squint also. At about half-past six the captain sang out to him:

"Guess you'd better let one of the quartermasters get the lead ready, Moreno."

"Si, senior. Do you think we are near the position?"

"Very close to it, now. Mr. McPherson says we've been making 12 knots through the night. Just figure it up, will you, Diaz, and see what you make it."

"Si, senior." Diaz disappeared in the wheelhouse, but came out again presently, exclaiming: "Por Dios, capitano, we are within three miles at this moment!"

"That's what I thought. Get your leadman out there right away, Moreno. You'd better try a 'dipse' line at first, and see if you can strike anything at a hundred fathom. Be all ready when I give the word."

In less than five minutes the leadman was on his grating, outside the starboard rail, with a 75-pound lead and 300 fathoms of line. Halstead stood by the engine-room telephone, watch in hand, and Diaz was perched in the fore rigging, where he could watch the sounding. In about ten minutes the captain shoved the lever over to the signals. "Stop."—Half speed astern—"Stop." And when the foam from the screw was abreast of us, he sang out: "Let her go."

There was a big splash, and the lead disappeared, whipping coil after coil of the line after it from the reel on the taffrail. Fifty fathoms, 100, 200, 300, and no bottom. Slowly the two men at the reel hauled in the line, and the captain signaled: "Half speed ahead." About a mile further he stopped and tried it again, but with the same result. Then he steered, successively, due south for three miles, and north, six, taking soundings at each limit. At eight bells Padre Sebastiano came on deck and became so absorbed in the proceedings that he actually forgot his breakfast.



HE WAVED HIS HAND FOR HALF SPEED.

Each time the lead was hauled up he would examine the tallow at the lower end to make sure that no sand or coral fragments were embedded in it, and as sounding after sounding proved unsuccessful at the full 300-fathom depth, he couldn't keep the disappointment from showing in his face. Finally the captain told him that further search was useless, and when the steamer was headed for Guajan he went below.

Halstead treated the matter as if it possessed but little interest for him, yet when he glanced at me I could see that he was thoroughly discouraged. The engines had just started at full speed ahead, and we were preparing to go below for breakfast, when I noticed a little bunch of cumulus cloud a few miles to the southeastward, and called his attention to them.

"Well, what about them?" he said. "They're just ordinary clouds, aren't they?"

"That's all, but I was thinking of what Maury says about atmospheric condensation in the neighborhood of all these coral islands, even the lowest atoll having a tendency to collect vapor over it at times. Now, whether a few fathoms of water over a reef would absolutely prevent such condensation or not, I don't know. I should say the chances were that it would; but—well, the atmosphere does queer things sometimes. What do you think?"

Halstead watched the bunch of cloud for a second or two, noticed that there was nothing else of the kind in that direction, and then ordered the man at the wheel to head southeast. I saw that he considered the search hopeless, but he was determined to leave no chance untried. Diaz had gone down into the fore-hold with some of his men, to overhaul the last cases for Agana and Moreno was below at breakfast; so that no one but the helmsman noticed our again heading about, and he was dreaming of Visaya girls in

Manila too deeply to do more than obey orders in a purely mechanical way.

It took less than half an hour to reach the position. Then Halstead himself climbed out upon the sounding perch with a hand lead and 30 fathoms of line. He had stationed me at the telephones on the bridge, hastily arranging a series of signals, and, after watching the water's surface closely for awhile, waved his hand for "half speed."

In about two minutes I saw him swing the lead forward, paying out the line rapidly as it tautened under his feet. Five times more he cast it, hauling in the entire length after each one, then signaled: "Full speed, ahead." After which, mounting the bridge, he ordered the helmsman to put her about and steer north by east, quarter east. I noticed great beads of perspiration upon his forehead, and was wondering if heaving a lead were really violent exercise, when, beckoning me to the end of the bridge as if to point out the position of Guajan, he whispered:

"Get below, quick, and pay out that patent log; I took the box down myself at four bells. Then eat your breakfast as if nothing had happened, and chat with the senorita for awhile, but be back here by six bells at the latest; we've got a heap to talk about."

The change in feeling from despondency to well grounded hope almost made me lose my head, especially as I saw that we now had the game largely in our own hands. I watched my opportunity, and was paying out the log line astern, through the bitt port, in about ten minutes. Then I spent a good half hour over my meal, discussing with the padre, who remained to keep me company, the probability of Santa Rosa reef having sunk to the bottom, but advising him not to state this as a fact in his forthcoming book until he had persuaded the government to make a more exhaustive search with one of the cruisers. Then, after a delightful tete-a-tete with the senorita, I returned to Halstead, whom I found removing the fastenings from a large bundle which one of the men had just brought up from the lazaret. There was also a sea chest, marked with my name, upon one of the transoms. He nodded toward this and said:

"I suppose you don't remember bringing that on board, do you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't. And I think I was pretty sober, too. Where did I get it? What's inside?"

"Nothing at present. This diving suit is going in if I can make it. Now draw the curtains and strip to your shirt and drawers."

"What for?"

"To try the thing on, of course. Hustle, now; we'll be in by two o'clock. I've read the directions over until I know them by heart, but I want you to be boxed up in it once while I'm by to help you. It's pretty risky business, no matter how often a man does it, and I don't want your death on my hands. You see, it will be simply out of the question to depend upon a pumper above water—you can't trust anyone—and it's going to take all the nerve you've got to go down without."

I put the suit on, piece by piece, obeying the printed instructions to the letter and fastening every clamp myself; for I knew assistance would be unobtainable when I came to actually use it. The screws at the back of the helmet collar were the most difficult to tighten, but I finally adjusted them to even Halstead's satisfaction. Fortunately, I had not screwed on the front lens of the helmet until the last, else I think I should have been suffocated before the compressed air in the reservoir began to work. The sickening nervousness I felt at being shut up in such a rig made me dread the attempt to go under water with it, but the captain assured me that, having had the thing on, it wouldn't trouble me as much next time. Then we packed it carefully away in the chest, together with several dynamite cartridges, two light but powerful steel bars, a couple of strong hatchets, and some saws and knives.

From another locker Halstead took a square mahogany box, covered with rubber and having a lens in one side. It looked something like a kodak, but proved to be a powerful reflecting light, the electricity for which was supplied by a chemical cartridge that lasted six hours and produced a brilliant illumination. He said he had used it when mate of an oil tank running to Batoum, the insurance regulations prohibiting anything in the shape of an open lantern on board. A small but reliable compass, 1,000 feet of half-inch braided linen line, a spare sextant, the taffrail log then towing astern, and a chart of the two archipelagoes, completed the equipment. The chart we spread upon the table, but the other articles were securely locked in the chest. Then we sat down to figure the exact position of the reef.

"To begin with," said the captain, "we took that first sounding as squarely upon that charted position as it would be possible for a ship to strike it. I got the sun at six bells in the forenoon watch and calculated backwards, so I'm dead sure of it. Then, under half speed, we made just about a mile further east—those two soundings I've marked with crosses, as you see. After that, three miles due south, to this other cross, and six miles due north, to this one. No bottom anywhere at 300 fathom. While you were telling me about those clouds, we made about half a mile before we turned;

then, as closely as I can figure it, just about six miles to where I took that first cast. Well, you know how much water she's drawing, don't you?"

"Fifteen feet?"

"Sixteen and a half aft; and the lead struck rock at an even three fathom, first heave! I saw the line jerk as the leather strips went under, and every hair of my head felt as though it were standing on end. It scared me so that I dropped the whole coil from my arm luckily—and I had a mighty hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach. During the next 60 seconds I did more thinking than I ever did in an hour of my life. I knew you were watching me, and I was afraid others might be, too. By every law of prudence and seamanship I should have signaled you: 'Stop her! Hard astern!'—but if I did, I knew we'd have the deck full of people in a few seconds. Diaz and Moreno would have been up in two jumps, and what we knew about the reef everyone would know. Sebastiano would have sufficient data to chase you down there the first time you started. But I remembered that Dampier and the other old navigators who found the place gave an average depth of four fathoms. The galleon that struck in avoiding Dampier's ships was undoubtedly loaded down to her channel plates, and probably hit an isolated spot. So there seemed to me an even chance of steaming across the ledge in safety and without giving the snap away. On the other hand, if we struck, there would be an end of my business prospects for a good many years to come. It was a tighter spot than I ever care to be in again, but inside of two minutes I decided to risk it. At the second cast I got 'quarter less four.' Five minutes after, I struck bottom at 'half three;' then 'deef four;' and at the last heave the calico was just above the water when she touched."

"But, how the devil! I'll swear I saw you pulling up the whole length of line each time."

"Well, rather! You didn't suppose I was fool enough to give away what I was getting, did you? When a man's been chucking lead for 15 odd years it don't take more'n a fraction of a second to tell when he strikes bottom. No, I let the slack fall when the lead was under me, and we had way enough to carry it well astern. If anyone had been watching closely, of course, I couldn't have done it; but, as it was, it worked to a charm, and I don't believe another soul on board suspects there's a bit of rock within 2,000 feet of the surface. Now, I was heaving upwards of 20 minutes from first to last. At half speed that would be about two miles, wouldn't it? Well, this little star shows just where I struck it, and the other two would be a mile apart; so that we have the reef stretching from nor'-norwes' to sou'-sou'eas'. Then, from the glassy look of the water, I'm positive that it takes a curve to the sou'wes' for a good four miles further. The actual position of that three-fathom sounding is twelve thirty-three north by hundred and forty-four, twenty-two eads—a good eight knots eas' of the Findlay and Imray approximates. And the true bearing from Point Orote, Harry, is the exact opposite of our present course; in other words, sou' by wes', quarter wes', or exactly 14 degrees wes' of sou'. The magnetic variation this year is one degree and 30 minutes eas'; so in shaping your course from Orote it should be 15 degrees 30 minutes to the westward of sou'. As for leeway, running down, the no'theas' trades'll be within a few points of dead astern, so you won't have to make much allowance; and, once at the reef, it'll be easy enough beating back, because you can see the island 20 miles away at least. When we get abreast of Cocos you can pull up your log, which will give you the exact number of miles on this course to a fraction; from Cocos to Orote the chart distances are near enough, because you've got land bearings."

"Then, if it should be impossible to get at old Fray Ignacio's document, we can practically do without it?"

"You can certainly find the reef in anything like fair weather, but you won't want to travel any further under water looking for the wreck than you are obliged to. I wouldn't, anyhow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chivalry of the "Slams."

A touching story is told of an Edinburgh street waif. There was a Christmas treat given to poor children at a mission hall, and hundreds of little ones were assembled at the doors in advance of the hour of admittance, many of them barefoot. Among the number was a sweet-faced little girl, who seemed less hardened than most to the cold, for she shivered in her poor jacket and danced from one foot to the other on the cold, hard stones. A boy not much older watched this performance for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden impulse of protection, took off his cap, put it down before her, and said: "Ye maun stand on that."—Christian Endeavor World.

An Expensive Trade.

Mrs. Riley—What trade does your husband follow?

Mrs. O'Shea—Sure, an' he follers a barrer at prisant. When I married him he said he was a brass finisher, and he soon finished up every bit o' brass I saved.—Pick-Me-Up.

STREET EXPOSITION.

Oriental Midway, Industrial and Carnival Parades.

To Be Held in the Heart of the Business District of Kansas City, "U. S. A." Under the Management of the Karnival Krewe, Sept. 28th to Oct. 7th.

The Street Exposition.

Plans are now under way for the most novel and unique exhibition ever held in Kansas City, and the Krewe ask the hearty co-operation of the citizens of the greatest city of the west and vicinity in making it a grand success. Everything will be absolutely new, and it is the intention to include only the very best exhibits in the various lines of business and industrial art, and to show in a city within a city the progress and advancement of Kansas City as a commercial center. Also the products of farm and orchard in the tributary country.

The Purpose of This Exposition.

It is designed to get up a great home products exhibit, a merchants' exhibit, a manufacturers' exhibit, covering all the multifarious industries of Kansas City and many from distant cities. It will be the purpose to exclude all foreign exhibits which, in any way, conflict with similar exhibits of home merchants and manufacturers. It is designed also to have a large and popular display of farm products, prizes being offered to induce a liberal response in this direction by our farmer friends. A farming implement show is also being discussed as a prominent feature. A woman's building, or department for the display of art, fancy needle work, fancy work of every kind, kindergarten exhibits, etc., is also to be a part of this enterprise. As the work progresses many other important exhibits, not yet thought of, will be added.

Railroad Excursions.

Arrangements are under way for special excursions on all the railroads entering the city during the carnival season, and it is believed that thousands of people from the surrounding country will take advantage of the low fares to visit the city and attend the exposition.

The Midway Feature.

The world's fair had its Midway, which was made famous throughout the world on account of the exhibition of Oriental people and an exemplification of their customs. Kansas City will have similar novel features connected with its great street exposition, which will include Japanese theater, Oriental theater, a trained wild animal show, a Moorish or Persian theater, an American theater, wherein will be seen the people from our new possessions, Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos, a congress of national dancing girls, a street of India with genuine Indian magicians, fakirs, twirling dancers, and native huts, trained elephants and camels on which the visitors may ride, sacred donkeys, burros and ponies, and a German village. These are only some of the features, and many others will be procured which will prove equally entertaining and instructive.

The Trades Display.

The entrances to the street exposition and midway will be so arranged that all visitors must pass through the fair proper in order to reach the midway, and they will have plenty of opportunity to stop and inspect the exhibits by the merchants of Kansas City and others. It is the intention to make this portion of the street as interesting to all as the oriental section will be.

Wooden booths, floored, roofed and sided up, of the dimensions of eight (8) feet deep, eight (8) feet high at back and twelve (12) feet high in front, will be provided for the exhibits. These booths will be built continuously, joined together, with backs against curbing and fronting center of street. The street will be asphalt paved and as clean as a floor, making the promenade for visitors between the fronting booths. The street will be entirely enclosed with these booths for the entire length necessary to accommodate the exhibits. One or more grand entrances or gateways will be provided for ingress and egress of visitors. The rental for these booths for the entire time of the exposition, which will be ten days, will be \$3 per front foot. The exposition will open at one o'clock each afternoon and close at 11 o'clock at night, thus giving all the forenoon of each day for visitors to do shopping at the stores and exhibitors to clean up and rearrange their displays. The street will be lighted by electricity in the evening when the exposition will be open, and this will give our merchants and manufacturers a fine chance to show their wares and products.

Carnival and Industrial Trade Parade.

It is intended to give a grand industrial trades parade by the merchants and manufacturers on the morning of the opening of the exposition, and the Krewe also promises the finest and best carnival parade of its history, to be given near the close of the exposition.

The Krewe expects to give band concerts afternoon and evening, and such other features as will tend to the elevation and amusement of the general public. It will be a gala time from start to finish, such a celebration as was never before seen in a western city.

Any and all communications asking for space for exhibits or about any matters pertaining to this great street exposition should be addressed to

JOHN F. EATON,
President Karnival Krewe, Kansas City, Mo.